

The Tragedie

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolute me whether you will or no?

King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buc. Is it euen so, rewards hee my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings and be gone
To Brecknocke, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,
The most arch-acts of pittious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villaines, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderesse and compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
When in there sommer beauty kist each other,
A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,
which once quoth Forrest almost chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villian stoppt,
Whilst Dighton thus told, on we smothered
The most replenisht sweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framde,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heere he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind Tirrell, and I happy in thy newes?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beger your happynesse, bee happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

Of Richard the Third.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I doe not know.

King. Come to mee Tirrell soone after supper,

And thou shalt tell the proesse of their death,

Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire, *Exit Tirrell.*

Farewell till soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pend vp close,

His daughter meanelly haue I matcht in marriage,

The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bolome,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:

Now for I know the Brittain Richmond aimes

And yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,

And by that knot looks proudly ore the Crowne,

To her I gea a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest so bluntly?

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,

And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth,

King Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare

Then Buckingham and his rash leueld army:

Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,

Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,

Delay leades impotent and snail-pac't beggery,

Then fiery expedition be my wings,

Ioue, Mercury, and Herald for a King:

Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,

We must be brieft, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret sola.

Qu. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death:

Here in these confines illie haue I lurkt,

To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:

A dire induction am I witnesse too,

And will to France, hoping the consequence